

Decadem Alteram,

Ex probatissimis Auctoribus,

In usum Juventutis linguæ Latinæ,
præsertim vero poësis studiosæ,
selectam, & in scholis ad pro-
pagandam fidem legendam;

Admixtis subinde nonnullis, in gratiam
Pulchrioris Sexus, vernaculis,

SUBJUNXIT

JODOCUS GRIMMUS,

Anniculæ nostræ Pronepos.

Aurículas asini quis non habet? — —

*Vos, O Patricius sanguis! quos vivere fas est
Occipite ceco, postica occurrite janna.*

Perfii Satyra I.

L O N D I N I,

Impensis Editoris, & prostat venalis apud Bi-
bliopolas *Londinenses & Westmonasterienses.*

MDCCXXXVIII.

I.

Scotia gemibunda.

P A R S P R I M A.

PALLADIS & MARTIS longè gens artibus olim
 Inclyta SCOTORUM, quàm miseranda jaces!
 Quàm tua progenies, fatis subjecta malignis,
 (Dicere si liceat fata maligna Deum)

Tot perculsa malis, tantos perpeffa labores,

Torpet inops, squalens, & sine fine dolet!

Ingeminat fortuna vices furiosa protervas,

Accumulat clades, heu! miseranda tuas.

Exulat, ah! PRINCEPS, quo non præstantior alter,

Dignior aut sceptro, gens male sana, tuo.

Quem gentes aliæ passim mirantur amantque,

Cernere quis tantum non adamare potest?

PRINCIDE quo solo patriæ licet esse beatæ,

In patrio solùm temnitur ipse solo;

Non tamen a patriâ, sed solis temnitur istis,

Quos piget & piguit non temerasse fidem,

Et rectè coluisse Deos, jus fasque tueri,

Turpe scelus nomen religionis habet.

Hi

Hi nova monstra colunt manibus fabricata nefandis,
Quales non coluit barbara terra Deos.

Effigiem talem non REX BABYLONIUS olim
Fuderat, aut populus gratior antè Deo.

Ingens illud opus stabat mirabile mole,
Sit vitulus licet hic aureus ille fuit :

Æneus ast taurus frontem munitus acutis
Cornibus, excudit quale PERILLUS opus,

Civibus erectus crudeli morte necandis,
Artifici pestis fit precor ille suo,

Et male deformis, multaque rubigine squalens,
Vefanis bardis nunc cluit ecce Deus,

Hoc jactat tutam se vindice numen adorat ;
Impia gens alium non habet illa Deum ;

Abnuat huic monstro, si quisquam vota precesque,
Non licet æternum tum coluisse PATREM.

Innumeras EREBI pestes advexerat unus
TARQUINIUS, nostri fons & origo mali ;

Masculæam primus VENEREM perduxit ad oras
Nostras ; quam latè pullulat ista seges !

Quod natura negat, nil naturale placebat,
Hic docuit natos temnere jura patris,

Scandere dum posset folium, jus, fasque bonumque
Faceffant, timidis turpia claustra viris,

Herói rumpenda novo percuncta meanti
Dum SOCERI sceptrum fraude doloque rapit.

Omnia dum transfert ranis, sine nomine vulgus,
Nos BATAVIS prædæ ludibrioque sumus ;

Quod

Quod tamen, heu! meminisse pudet tædetque fateri,

Hic clypeus nostræ religionis erat.

Vidimus, heu! proceres crudeli morte peremptos,

Eximios profugos & sine lare viros;

Dum patriam servare student, jus fasque tueri,

Reddere nam patriæ pristina jura nefas!

Vidimus oppressos externo milite cives,

Conversa in gladios, hei mihi! sceptrâ truces;

Vidimus at frustra poscentes rura colonos

Reddere quæ nequeunt tanta tributa nova,

Harpyiis similis diris dum maxima pestis,

Cuncta coactorum pervolat atra cohors.

SCOTIGENIS animos hilarans, nam munera BACCHUS

Nulla dedit, zythum præbuit alma CERES;

Quos dedit alma Ceres calyces tamen abstulit aula,

Nostraq; taxatur terque quaterque sitis;

Scilicet ut pauci CERERIS vix munere digni

Torpescant luxu, SCOTIA tota sitit.

Jupiter, at justî cum sit tibi cura bonique,

Istis pro meritis præmia digna refer:

Vivere des multos ast infelicitèr annos,

Incertis laribus perpetuaque siti.

Sic sapiamus tandem, duro sed verberè docti,

Sic juvat & patriæ deseruisse PATREM:

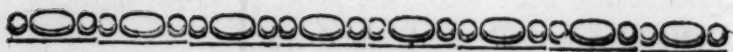
Queis premitur plagis, discit gens impia tandem

Externo quid sit subdere colla iugo:

Ilicis indigenæ fugiens umbracula sacra,

Incidit in rigidum vulnificumque rubum.

PARS



P A R S S E C U N D A.

QUEM *Defensorem Patria* tria regna putabant,
Nunc *Everforem* dicere jure potes.

Heu! quò relligio toties jactata recessit?

Quò, rogo, libertas proprietatque simul?

GRÆCA fides fuerat vilissima credita quondam,

BELGICA sed nota est vilior esse modò.

LEGITIMUM REGEM patriis fraus expulit oris,

Ast anguem infestum gens malè sana fovet.

Siccine languescit SCOTORUM fervida virtus,

Ut turpi subdant colla premenda jugo?

Nemo referre vices audebit vindice dextra?

Pensabit damnum, SCOTIA, nemo tuum?

Quot miseri cives ceciderunt MARTE cruento?

Quot periere fame servitioque gravi?

Et quis finis erit? Nullus, nisi REGE reducto,

Sospitet in mediis, quem Deus oro, malis,

Restituatque suis iterum splendore in avito,

Post duri exilii tædia longa sui.

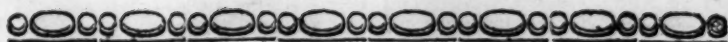
Maxima sic pleno manabit copia cornu,

Paxque colet nostras, ut prius, alma lares.

Interea absenti meritos libemus honores,

Lætaque testemur gaudia LUCE SUA.

P A R S



P A R S T E R T I A.

ERGONE nunc vitio tribuuntur munera fædo,
Nullaque virtuti præmia dantur acri?

Ah! verum, video, nimis est. O tempora! mores!

Infelix seclum funditus omne perit.

Ipse PATER patriæ soliis privatur avitis,

Et jacet orba suis SCOTIA mœsta Deis.

Prisca CALEDONIÆ gens ima ab stirpe recisa est,

Facta peregrinis præda superba viris.

Quam neque ROMANI valere frangere fasces,

HISPANI, DANI, SAXIDONUMVE doli,

Prodita GERMANO nuper jacet inclyta quondam

SCOTIA, nec nomen detinet illa suum.

Presbyter abjurans, væcors, nunc quæque ministrat

Pro libito, & regni munia solus obit:

Plebs procures fiunt, populi fæx facta sacerdos,

Quisquis & est nequam, fur, latro, miles erit.

Sed qui sunt Aræ, Patriæ, vel REGIS amici,

Omnes exilio, carcere, morte luunt.

Summe DEUS, coeli, terræ, pelagique potestas

Cui summa est, lapsis porrige rebus opem.

Prisca CALEDONIÆ splendescat gloria, verus

REX solium, populus munera, templa DEUS

Obtineant; sic nos non sanguinolenta rebellis

Presbyteri rabies plus laniabit. AMEN.

EJUSDEM

EJUSDEM THEMATIS PARS QUARTA.

In eadem Ducis HAMILTONI.

INCLYTA Gens olim, sed nunc sine nomine vulgus,
 Languet iners longis SCOTIA victa malis.
 Exulis atra sui sortem lugebat iniquam,
 Finibus a patriis GRAMPIA terra Patris.
 Quod bene gesserunt per tot jam secula Reges,
 Teutonicæ sceptrum dum tenuere manus,
 Diffugere pudor, pietas, jus, fasque bonumque,
 Inque locum subiit protinus omne malum.
 Fida tribus REGI, quia REGI fida necatur,
 Damnatur sceleris non temerata fides.
 In patria populum gladius, mandante tyranno,
 Et procul a patria devorat ipsa fames.
 Obruerat sanctas immensa licentia sedes,
 Templaque sacrilegæ diripuerunt manus.
 Occubuere Duces fortes, doctique Patroni,
 Et quotquot Cives mente manuque juvant.
 Solus HAMILTONUS, post raptum funere KETHUM,
 Restabat patriæ spesque salusque suæ.
 At cadit, extinctus ferro, quos debuit annos
 Nec numerat, Patriæ quàm fuit atra dies!
 Quàm fuit atra dies! fuerat qua cæde peremptus,
 Non tamen ante manus quàm fuit ulta necem!
 Heroas post tot præclaros antè sepultos,
 Quo rapto, nil quod SCOTIA jactet habet.

II. An

II.

On the Death of *CHARLES XII.*
KING of Sweden.

OH! Who would boast himself of royal Birth?
 Or seek t'enhance a spacious Share of Earth?
 Who'd value Crowns, or Sceptres who'd desire,
 Or prize the glaring Splendour of Empire?
 When SWEDEN'S Glory, EUROPE'S Miracle,
 Is fallen so cheap, when in his Person fell
 The KING, the CAPTAIN, and the Centinel.

BY Tricks of State had he a Crown obtain'd,
 By Faction or by Fraud his Title gain'd;
 Had he usurp'd another's rightful Throne,
 First rob'd, and then proclaim'd the Prize his own,
 And, like a bloody Varlet, fought to slay
 The rightful Owner to secure the Prey;
 Had he prophan'd the Sceptre which he bore.
 Or stain'd the Purple with the Subjects Gore,
 Consum'd their Wealth, and shed their purest Blood,
 To make his lame and groundless Title good;
 Or, as some Countries do, if his but had
 Worship'd the Idol which their Hands had made,

B

A

A thoughtless, dull, and meer precarious Thing,
 The Faction's Tool, a titular King,
 Drowned in Lux'ry and ignoble Ease,
 Whom Masques and Balls, and vicious Shows could please ;
 Then would the thinking World with Joy relate
 The Monster's Fall, the Object of their Hate,
 And none had mourn'd his too too early Fate. }

BUT this brave PRINCE, in whose exalted Mind
 The martial Valour of GUSTAVUS shin'd,
 Augmented with his own superior Fame,
 Was Heir to his great Father's Crown and Name;
 No petty Duke, brought o'er from foreign Lands,
 To sway a Sceptre with unwieldy Hands ;
 No tributary Prince, no menial Thing ;
 The SWEDE was born an independent King,
 And ne'er was Prince more fit than he to reign. }

HE for his Subjects Good the Sceptre sway'd,
 And him they lov'd, and out of Love obey'd.
From servile Fear unwilling Homage springs ;
The Hearts of Subjects are the Strength of Kings.
 God-like his Courage seem'd, whom nor Delight
 Could soften, nor the Face of Death affright.
 The Vigour of his fiery Soul appear'd
 Before the downy Blossoms of his Beard.
 So swift a Course in Honour's Paths he ran,
 He was a Conqueror before a Man.

Nor

Nor was he less devout than he was brave,
The Hero and the Saint no Farrings have.
 So vast a Courage, and such pious Care,
 Might conquer Earth with Arms, and Heaven with Prayer.

HIS mighty Deeds what Tongue can well relate,
 Or Heart endure to hear his rigid Fate!
 A Loss so great the World must needs regret.

LAMENT his Fall, thou great MUSCOVIAN CZAR,
 'Twas he who taught thee first the Art of War;
 His princely Virtues charm'd thy CZARISH Mind;
 Of a fierce Foe made thee a real Friend.

AND thou, GRAND SULTAN, drop some friendly Tears,
 How soon the dismal News come to thy Ears;
 Thou knew'st his Worth, thou knew'st his matchless Fame;
 No Nation so remote, but knew his Name.

WITH bleeding Heart bewail him, BRITAIN's Isle,
 He would have brought thy Prince from his Exile,
 Wip'd off thy Tears, and made thee gladly smile.

LAMENT him, POLE, lament him FRANCE and
 SPAIN,
 And every Nation, save the stupid DANE;
 And all ye Sons of MARS bewail his Fate,
Ye've lost a Pattern fit to imitate.

On

On the lamented Death of the Earl of
STRATHMORE.

WITH gen'ral Sadness ALBION mourns
Her Lord STRATHMORE's untimely Fate;
Grief and Resentment swell by Turns,
While we the tragick Tale relate.

All join to weep his vanish'd Charms,
Ev'n in his Foes Regret appears;
Departed Virtue Rage disarms,
And softens Envy into Tears.

The Muse her Tribute, too, shall pay,
And mourn the Loss in melting Verse,
The Glories of his Life display,
And with Encomiums gild his Herse.

Bold is th' Attempt, the Subject high,
But such a Theme my Thoughts will raise;
If my low Genius should deny,
His Actions will suggest their Praise.

To please was natural in him;
All felt the Charm at the first View:
Insensibly he gain'd Esteem,
And then convinc'd them 'twas his Due.

Such

Such Sweetness did his Mind adorn,
 Such Wisdom guide his lovely Wit,
 As shew'd the Youth for Virtue born,
 With so much Ease he practis'd it.

Form'd in his Temper for Delight,
 How calm he was in private Life?
 When call'd t'assert his PRINCE's Right,
 How forward in the glorious Strife?

'Twas then, amongst the wondring Throng,
 The Youth appear'd with double Charms,
 And drew the Praise of every Tongue,
 First both in Arts of Peace and Arms.

Muse, strike again the tuneful Lyre,
 And sing the Hero's first Essay;
 If noble Deeds can Verse inspire,
 It should be sung no vulgar Way.

Metinks I see him now appear,
 As he embark'd to find the Foe,
 And his great Soul, unmov'd with Fear,
 To unexperienc'd Danger go.

But adverse Winds forbid his Way,
 The hostile Ships opposing threat;
 Heaven all his Virtues would display,
 And now imposes a Retreat.

The

The wond'ring Muse his Steps attends,
 And fees, on MAJA's rocky Shore,
 With adverse Fate how he contends,
 Superior to the Ills he bore.

Mortals, while Heav'n permits it you,
 The bright Example imitate,
 Alas! 'tis just expos'd to View,
 And soon to be withdrawn by Fate.

The early Beauties of his Soul
 Shone in the Dawn of Life so bright:
 The op'ning Wonders we extol
 Are veil'd with an eternal Night.

Altho', relentless in her Doom,
 Hard Destiny abridg'd his Years,
 Immortal Honours grace his Tomb,
 And all the Hero now appears.

So distant INDIA's odorous Gums,
 Or Incense, when dissolv'd by Fire,
 Disclose their hidden rich Perfumes,
 And in the balmy Scent expire.

Altho', consum'd, they vanish hence,
 The transient Blaze not vainly shone,
 Remaining Sweets delight our Sense,
 And we admire them most when gone.

Could

Could I describe him on the Plain,
 As he in Scenes of Horror stood,
 Encountring Death with Looks serene,
 While Danger fir'd his gen'rous Blood ;

The Image, view'd by wondring Eyes,
 Such Thirst for Glory would create,
 That Men the longest Life should prize
 Less than the Honours of his Fate.

For his lov'd Prince and Country's Cause
 He scorns to quit the bloody Field ;
 But many flee whom Danger awes,
 And he, o'erpower'd, is forc'd to yield.

But ah ! what SCYTHIAN could approve
 Of Foes so cruel and unfair,
 Whom neither Youth nor Charms could move,
 Surrounded and unarm'd, to spare ?

Vain are Complaints, Heav'n, that rules all,
 In Vengeance to the guilty Land,
 Had now decreed that he should fall,
 And fall by an inglorious Hand.

As when some fair delightful Flower,
 That grew the Pride of all the Mead,
 Cut by the undiscerning Mower,
 A languid Paleness does invade ;

The

Could

The lovely Youth thus fainting lyes
On the cold Ground, and pants for Breath,
Extinguish'd now his radiant Eyes,
And every Charm deform'd by Death.

O! Fate, that no Distinction knows;
O! cruel Chance of direful War,
And Heav'n deaf to so many Vows,
Repeated for a Life so dear.

But tho', upon the fatal Plain,
His Body pale and lifeless ly,
Th' etherial Part does still remain,
And seeks, unstain'd, its native Sky.

There, when his Soul, releas'd from Cares,
Had tasted of celestial Bliss,
How dim our brightest Day appears?
How vain all human Happiness?

To Accidents superior now,
He sees his Corps, which Dust defiles,
Insulted by the spiteful Crew,
And at th' unpowerful Malice smiles.

But whither, with Attempt so vain,
Would the rash Muse advance her Flight?
Can any mortal Eye sustain
The Splendour of immortal Light.

That

That dazzling Prospect, prudent, leave;
To Earth again descending come,
Content, if thou can'st Garlands weave
Of Laurels to adorn his Tomb.

ALBION, who once of such a Son
Couldst so deserv'dly make thy Boast;
Consider, now that he is gone,
What to his Memory thou ow'st.

Thy Gratitude his Actions claim,
His Fate does thy Compassion crave;
Still must STRATHMORE remain a Name
Dear to the Loyal and the Brave.

Let an eternal Spring surround
And shade with Sweets his sacred Urn;
Let Fame his Actions all resound,
And distant Times the Hero mourn.

Let every Muse conspire to praise,
(For Virtue is the Muses Care)
Let every Nymph attend their Lays,
And pay the Tribute of a Tear.

You who his Worth, while living, knew,
Conspicuous now above the rest,
To Friendship pay the Honour due,
And wear his Image in your Breast.

And you who shall his Virtues rare,
Inroll'd in BRITAIN's Annals find,

Read the distinguish'd Page with Care,
And deep imprint it on your Mind.

If corrupt Times your Courage try,
When Honesty is judg'd Offence,
Keep his Example in your Eye,
And learn the Worth of Innocence.

In him the Force of Virtue see,
Altho' successless, sure of Fame,
For future Ages will agree
To mourn his Fate and bless his Name.

Nor thou, lamented Shade, refuse
These Honours paid in humble Verse,
The Labours of an artless Muse,
That can thy Praises but rehearse.

Were as the Friend's the Poet's Flame,
How should the Lyres, with sacred Rage,
Sound to the sadly charming Theme,
Commanding Tears through every Age!

Thy Actions, in exalted Lays,
Should with immortal Splendour shine;
With MARO's Skill the Muse should praise,
And his MARCELLUS yield to mine.

Yet in low Strains tho' she has sung
Thy Virtues with a feeble Voice,
In vain her Harp she has not strung,
Who blame her Skill will praise her Choice.

III.

SCOTIÆ Epitaphium unum.

Hic jacet, sub spe beatæ resurrectionis, in cineribus suis sepulta, INCLYTA SCOTORUM GENS, imperii ROMANI limes ultimus, DANORUM olim malleus & mastix, longâ REGUM prosapiâ, supra omnes orbis terrarum gentes, clara, quæ annorum plena, membris vegetis, sed mentis impos, fatis concessit. ORATE PRO EA.

QUAM non ROMA ferox, quondam dominata per omnes

Gentes, perdomuit, *Scotia victa jacet!*

Martigenæ quam non gentes victricibus armis

Sub juga miserunt, *Scotia victa jacet!*

Hostis terrisonus quam non IMPUNE LACESSIT

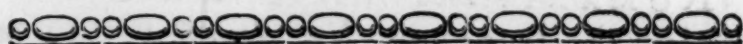
Armis infestis, *Scotia victa jacet!*

Quæ toties montes tumidos camposque rigavit

Sanguine DANORUM, *Scotia victa jacet!*

Quæ

Quæ fuerat longo magnorum stemmate Regum
 Inclyta per terras, *Scotia victa jacet!*
 Heroum genetrix, ANGLORUM malleus olim,
 PICTORUM pestis, *Scotia victa jacet!*
 Victores proavi, quam per tot secula tutam
 Sanguine servabant, *Scotia victa jacet!*
Scotia victa jacet! multos dominata per annos,
 Quam nemo rapuit, præbuit ipsa rapi.
 Gens invicta jacet ferro, nec militis armis
 Succubuit, vinclis præbuit ipsa manus.
Scotia victa jacet; fato tolluntur eodem
Reges & Leges, Sceptra, Corona simul.

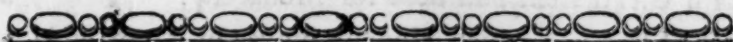


SCOTIÆ Epitaphium alterum.

OCCIDIT, heu! diris tandem suffusa tenebris
 SCOTIA, nec nomen nunc habet illa suum.
 Nunc, ubi, si forsan quæras, fuit illa, viator;
 Proh dolor! hac quondam maximè in urbe fuit;
 Hic fuit illa olim gens quæ celebrata per orbem,
 Armis, ingenio, religione, fide;
 Hic gens illa fuit CIMBRI quæ spicula sprevit,
 SAXONIS & toties repulit arma feri;
 Hic fuit & rerum dominis quæ ponere metas
 Ausa, & Romano non dare colla iugo.
 Me miserum! at tandem leges mutata priores,
 Et decus, & nomen, SCOTIA chara perit.

Ante

Antè quidem spoliata Deis, orbata parente,
 Sacrilego fuerat contaminata toro.
 Illinc progenies, neque miror, nata virorum est
 Impia, quos patriam vendere seque juvat.
 Nam non illa perit gladio vastata, nec igne,
 Nec senio ad mortem morbida fertur anus,
 Quod cadat, acceptum deber, quos edidit ipsa
 C-----LIS, D-----PLIS, O--LIISque suis.
 Isti! isti! & si quæ sit turba scelestior istis,
 Diripiunt patrios prostituuntque lares.
 Turba nefanda, furens, vecors, perjura, rebellis,
 Barbara quod COLCHIS vix prober, ausa scelus;
 Hæc teneros tantum natos jugulavit; at illa,
 Uno ictu, matrem sustulit atque patrem.
 Ast olim exurget sacris ex ossibus ultor,
 Mittet & ad Stygios perfida monstra lacus.



CATO'S GHOST.

FROM happy Climes, where Virtue never dies,
 The much mistaken CATO's fore'd to rise,
 Drawn on the Stage to patronize a Cause,
 Which living CATO could not but oppose;
 With artful Smiles the charming Pages shine,
 And Treason mounts on each brocaded Line.

OH! ADDISON, couldst thou not be content
 To sacrifice good Sense and Argument?

Antè

Had'st

Had'st thou no other Way to raise thy Fame
 And Fortune, but by wounding CATO's Name?
 Mean and injurious! Had but CATO liv'd
 In BRITAIN's happy Isle, how had he griev'd?
 Griev'd for a King, struggling in Storms of Fate,
And greatly falling with a falling State.
 So busy Rebels, when they would delude
 The honest unsuspecting Multitude,
 Grace their Rebellion with a PATRIOT's Name,
 And work their Story in the finest Frame.

BRITONS, attend; be CATO's Sense approv'd,
 And shew that you have Virtue to be mov'd.
That sacred Plan of Power, deliver'd down
From Age to Age, from Father unto Son,
 Is each Man's Rule of Action, and had he
 Been subject to a King's Authority,
 Ev'n CATO's self had been for Monarchy.

THE Field which Honour moves in is not wide,
 The Law's her Warrant, Wisdom is her Guide,
 All else is Frenzy, Madness all beside.
 BRITONS, believe it, tho' the Day seems fair,
 Tempests and Storms are gathering in the Air;
 Oppression, Pow'r usurp'd, and Tyranny,
 Can never have a long Prosperity;
 Some weighty Vengeance, some chos'n Curse, be sure,
 Some hidden Thunder in the heav'nly Store,
 Is now discharging on the Heads of those
 Who dare aspire above their Country's Laws.

Ambitious

Ambitious DEMONS wait their Fall below,
CESAR and CROMWEL, and the proud NASSAU.

BRITONS, be just, nor sell your Honesty,
Nor look on Grandeur with a dazzling Eye.
CESAR had all the winning courtly Ways,
CESAR had Balls, and CESAR went to Plays,
CESAR could whore and rant, and drink and fight,
CESAR had Gold, but CESAR had no Right.
This was the Cause of ROME, consider well,
If BRITAIN be not just a Parallel.
But will you wanton in your Misery;
And for Diversion sell your Liberty?
You see the Man in a false glaring Light,
Which Empire shades on him; but, view him right,
You'll find him black with Crimes of deepest Dye,
Murder, Usurpation, Tyranny.

OH! Where's the ancient BRITONS Genius fled?
Are Justice, Honour, Virtue, Bravery, dead?
Shall Tyrants revel in the BRITISH Store,
Whilst rightful PRINCES beg from Door to Door?
Shall the sole PRINCE left of the royal Blood,
Be forc'd from Court to Court to sue for Food,
Whilst the Usurper, impiously great,
Plumes with the pompous Ornaments of State,
And lavishes away the HEIR's Estate?

BRITONS, for Shame, behold the wondrous Youth,
With how much Care he forms himself to Truth,

How

How just, how brave, how generous, how wise,
 How good he is, without the least Disguise.
 Nor all the Ills that cover, can obscure
 The rising Glory of the royal Power ;
 With radiant Force, it breaks thro' Clouds of Night,
 And blazes more illustriously bright.
 Such is your PRINCE, How can you then be Slaves
 To mad Men, Fools, Whores, Foreigners and Knaves ?
 RISE, BRITAIN, rise, your King demands your Aid,
 GOD and ST. GEORGE, Can BRITAIN be afraid ?
 In such a Cause break thro' the thick Array
 Of the usurping Guard, and force your Way ;
 Some lucky Hand, more favour'd than the rest,
 May charge him Home, and reach the U-----r's Breast.
 Th' Attempt is worthy of the noblest Hand,
 Th' Attempt may every BRITISH Heart command.
 Improve the lucky Hour, assert your Laws,
 Nor fear to die in such a glorious Cause.
 CATO's Experience in the World of Bliss,
 Assures your everlasting Happiness.
 There, the brave Youth, with Love of Virtue fir'd,
 Who greatly in his COUNTRY's Cause expir'd,
 Shall know he conquer'd ; the firm PATRIOT, there,
 Who made the Welfare of Mankind his Care,
 Tho' still by Faction, Vice and Fortune cross'd,
 Shall find his generous Labour was not lost.

IV.

SCOTIA ad SCOTOS.

QUIS furor cives agitat rebelles ?
Quæque vesana & perulans libido
Impulit dignam meliore fato

Vendere gentem ?

Non ego ferro cado, nec cruentus

Hostis obsessam superavit ense,

Arma quæ spreui violenta, fraude

Victa recumbo.

Me fames auri miseram trucidat,

Hostis occultos meditatur ictus,

Nec meos natos pudet, hei ! pigetve;

Perdere MATREM.

Redde conatus, DEUS alme, vanos,

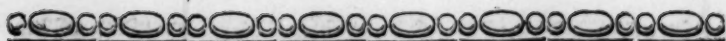
Quique me vendunt scelerum suorum

Sentiant pœnas meritas, ab ima

Stirpe recisi.

D

EJUSDEM



EJUSDEM PARS ALTERA.

IMPIA progenies! almæ GENETRICIS honorem
 Non temerasse pudet. Cum nil venale superfit
 Me miseram vendis; pereat qui vendit emitve!
 O scelus infandum! Regem patriamque vicissim,
 Auri sacra fames, fato subvertis eodem.

I M I T A T I O N.

UNHALLOW'D Race, would GOD my aged Womb,
 Which hatch'd you first, could now become your Tomb,
 And that, with open Mouth, I could devour
 And send you quick down to the Stygian Shore,
 Where you in dismal Shades of Night might ly,
 And never more your COUNTRY so betray.

PROLOGUE to the RECRUITING OFFICER,
acted by some young Gentlemen for their Diversion.

WHEN peaceful Treaties, like the TROJAN Horse,
 Enter our Walls, well stuff'd with armed Force,
 When Schemes of Peace and War, once every Year,
 In different Shapes and different Views appear;
 And when State-Tinkers needs will try their Mettle,
 Like Brethren of their Trade who mend a Kettle,

Striving

Striving to clout or patch a Hole, or hide it,
 Are sure to make two greater Holes beside it.
 When Politicians strive, but strive in vain,
 The Friendship of all EUROPE's Powers to gain;
 For, like the Frolick of a Country Dance,
 When in with SPAIN, we must be out with FRANCE,
 And if with FRANCE we should be in again,
 'Tis ten to one we should be out with SPAIN;
 And if with FRANCE and SPAIN we chance to join,
 And purchase both their Friendships with our Coin,
 Then we look big, and glory in our Trade,
 And tell the World, the EMPIRE must accede,
 For Want of Cash the EMPIRE needs must yield;
 The EMPIRE stands its Ground, and keeps the Field;
 Once more we face about and change our Strain,
 We and our GERMAN Friends will force in SPAIN;
 So to the Left, and to the Left we wheel,
 Then as you were before compleats the Reel.
 Meantime our HOGAN MOGAN Friends stand by,
 Viewing our Motions with a watchful Eye,
 They neither pipe nor dance, but still attend
 To see where this fine Dance at last will end.
 This is our Case, Can any Man, with Reason,
 Now think *Recruiting* can be out of Season?
 Then, *Drum, beat up, beat up for Volunteers,*
To serve we know not for how many Years.

In

In EQUUM quo excussus Auriacus extinctus est.

ILLUSTRIS SONIPES! certè dignissime coelo,
Cui *Leo*, cui *Taurus*, cui daret *Urſa* locum.

O quæ felicem felicia prata tulere!

Ubera quæ felix præbuit alma parens!

HYBERNIS patriam venisti ulturus ab oris?

Aut *GLENCO*, aut stirps te *FINNACIANA* dedit?

Sis felix quocunque loco memorande; nec unquam

Jam fella dorsum, fræna nec ora premant.

Humani generis vindex, moriente *Tyranno*,

Hanc libertatem quam parís ipse tene.

TRANSLATION.

ILLUSTRIous Steed! who shouldst the Zodiack grace,
To whom Bear, Bull, and Lion should give Place!

Blest be the Dugs that nurs'd thee, blest the Earth
That first receiv'd thee, and beheld thy Birth!

Com'st thou from *IRELAND*, to revenge her Blood?

Art thou *GLENCO*'s or art thou *FINNAC*'s Brood?

Whoe'er thou be, be now for ever blest,

And spend the Remnant of thy Days in Rest;

No servile Toil thy sacred Limbs profane,

No Load thy Back, no Curb thy Mouth restrain;

Henceforth be thou, henceforth Mankind, no Slave,

But both enjoy the Liberty you gave.

ABSOLONIS

ABSOLONIS in Patrem conjurati mors.

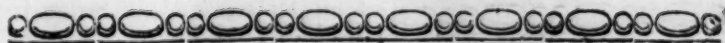
ABSOLON ingenti dum tendit in arma tumultu,
 Prætendens summo solvere vota DEO,
 Impius, infando *Patrem* dum supprimit ausu,
 Et gerit hostili bella cruenta manu,
 Vincitur, & densæ fugiens per vimina silvæ,
 Arboris a ramo triste pendit onus.
 Furca fuit quercus, funem tribuere capilli,
 Præstitit & promptam furcifer hinnus opem :
 Sic DEUS ipse hostes *Regum* vult pendere pænas,
 Et meritò ante suum morte perire diem.

V. In

V.

In 30^{mo} JANUARI.

SOLIS ab axe dies redit hæc, quam nulla lapillo
 Intactam linquent postera secla nigro.
 Ista nefanda dies nostrorum est æra malorum,
 Quot genuit pestes regna BRITANNA docent.
 Regibus exilium genuit, quoque civibus orcum,
 Prodidit & rabidis sceptrâ voranda lupis.
 Hinc delubra ruunt, nostræ temerantur & aræ,
 Exulat hinc pietas, & subit omne nefas.
 Hinc coiere recens malefano fœdere regna,
 Saxonidumque jugo SCOTIA prisca gemit.
 Purpureus redeat nostris gratissimus oris
 JUNIUS, hisce malis ponat & ille modum.
 Aspiciatque suos pergrato lumine SCOTOS,
 Saxona tum reprimat, reddat utrisque suum.
 Tartareumque gregem hinc eruat ille facellis,
 Quotquot haras aris substituere luant.
 Sospite, tunc habeat pro certo, Præsule, Regis
 Imperium nullo robore posse quati.



In 10^{mo} JUNII.

OMNIBUS exultent læto præcordia motu,
Natalis nostri CÆSARIS ecce dies.

Poplitibus flexis laticum libemus honorem,

Nectare & exhausto pocula missa ruant.

Aurea lux JUNI, Divum certissima proles,

Teque Deum sobolem protulit atque Deum.

Te, precor, ut Patruī fortuna sequatur, & idem

Qui tribuit vitam, det tibi sceptrā, dies.

Di, properate diem cum tintinnabula læto

Murmure proclament, *Jam rediisse Deum.*

Cum tenebras vincat lætorum flamma rogorum,

Clariùs, & fuso nectare sparsa, micet.

Pulveris & pyrii fragor & cum fulgora tanta,

In BRITONUM monstrent regna venisse Deum.

PHOEBE, dies veniat, sæcli melioris origo,

Quæ locet *Arctoum Sidus* in orbe suo.

SCOTIA prisca Deis tum læta litabit avitis,

ANGLIGENUM cultu GRAMPIA templa cluent.

ARCADIUMQUE pecus laqueis sua funera quæret,

Reddetur templis docta caterva suis.

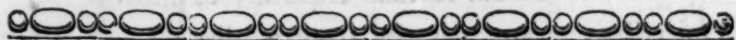
Talia sæcla solo tum current SCOTO-BRITANNO,

Cum reducem videat sceptrā tenere Deum.



In 30^{mo} JANUARI.

TOT scelerum fuit atra dies hæc testis in uno,
 Quot GENEVÆ soboles nunc minus ipsa probat.
 Ast olim sceleris nil hæc linquebat inausum,
 Quo potuit Reges lædere quove Deos.
 Namque *Lemana* palus supereminet ostia *Ditis*,
 Hinc GENEVA est nostri fax & origo mali.



An Imitation of Horace's Ode 5. Book IV.
 to AUGUSTUS.

WHEN, Royal SIRE, shall we be blest again,
 Under a S-----'s gentle Reign!
 Have pity on a poor distracted Land,
 Tir'd with Oppression and usurp'd Command;
 Assert thy Country's bleeding Cause,
 Her Liberties and dying Laws;
 Return, be Guardian of a falling State,
 Dissolve the Senate, close the long Debate.
 Let Royal J---- adorn his native Isle,
 Then will all Things jocundly smile;
 Not the glad Spring can more the Earth renew,
 Than E-----D the Return of Peace and You.

How

How were the frozen H-----s chear'd,
 When the bright northern Star appear'd?
 Smooth past the Night, serenely calm the Day,
 The Winter soften'd, and the War look'd gay.

Shall S-----D glory in thy first Return,
 And E-----D still thy Absence mourn?
 We are intitled to the same Delight,
 And claim you by hereditary Right.
 Nature invites, and calls you here,
 With a fond Mother's pious Prayer.
 Be calm, ye Winds, and gently waft him o'er,
 Truth, Peace and Plenty, Justice to restore.

Thus sighs the Widow for her darling Son,
 Whom envious Winds detain from Home;
 Penfive she sits, accusing his Delay,
 And views, with wat'ry Eyes, the faithless Sea;
 Each sudden Gust alarms her Fear,
 Whilst lingring Calms excite Despair.
 Perplex'd, to Heav'n she makes her last Address,
 And bribes the Powers with Vows, for his Success.

Propitious Heav'n, confirm my faithful Prayer;
 Let J---- be thy peculiar Care:
 Place him with Safety on his F-----'s Throne;
 In J----'s Safety we procure our own.

E

Fresh

How

Fresh Grass shall on our Mountains grow,
 Fat Oxen on our Meadows low ;
 CERES shall bless our Harvest with Increase,
 When ALBION is possesst of J---- and Peace.

The Palace shall from Debauchees be free,
Curst Incest, and vile Sodomy !
 Triumphant CESAR, by divine Command,
 Shall purge the Errors of a guilty Land.
 The Law shall run in its right Line,
 And Justice in her Zenith shine ;
Horns shall no more point out th' inglorious Head,
But Chastity adorn the Marriage-Bed.

Our idle Armour, then hung up for Sight
 In Halls, shall only Children fright.
 We need not fear S----'s mercenary Force,
 The B-----k *Lion*, or the B-----k *Horse*.
 G----- shall resign his guilty Reign,
 And lead his G-----s back again.
 The Court from selfish *Patriots* shall be freed,
 Blood-thirsty *Priests*, and *Senators* in red.

Again our Country Swains shall plow and sing,
 And reap the Product of the Spring ;
 The Stars shall shine indulgent on our Isle,
 And rural Pleasures round about us smile.

The

The *Lads* with curling Ivy bound,
 The *Maids* with flow'ry Garlands crown'd,
 To their great PAN shall yearly Honours pay,
 And consecrate, with Mirth, the R-----n Day.

Ye Powers eternal! grant his quick Return
 May cheer the Hearts of those that mourn,
 And spread a lively Joy o'er ev'ry Face,
 To see our Isle enjoy perpetual Peace.

With sober Wishes thus we pray,
When CYNTHIA pale, gives Place to Day;
Thus do we pray, when we our Minds dispose,
With some few loyal Toasts, for kind Repose.

VIVAT REX! FLOREANT
 STEMMATA REGALIA.

VI. SE-

VI.

SERIES MALORUM.

FATA me nostrum memorante Regum,
Regii ac *Anglos* avidos cruoris,
Optimi mecum lachrymas cadentes
Spargite SCOTI.

Te decus seculi MARIAM, Dearum
Maximam, solam populi salutem,
Victimam demum cecidisse iniquæ
Flevimus *Angla*.

CAROLUM Divæ MARIE nepotem,
Sanctius quo nil dedit auctor orbis,
Heu! datum letho immeritum a scelestis
Flevimus *Anglis*.

SEPTIMUS, magnæ pronepos MARIE,
A suis pulsus, patris hic imago
Liquit has terras, superos petens, cœ-
lestia spirans.

SEPTIMO NATUS profugus, paterna
Regna jam multos repetit per annos,
Et Deos poscit minus audientes
Vota precesque.

Ut

Ut parum justos, nimiumque favos,
In domum magnam, superos, STUARTUM,
In sacros reges, ego tristis incu-
fare verebor.

Dî boni, tandem faciles STUARTIS,
CESARI magno date vos coronam,
CESARI magno date vos penates
Nôsse paternos.

SEPTIMO sceptrum Geniti gerant, dum
PHOEBUS in cœlo medius refulget,
Et suo tellus operosa dum re-
volvitur axe.



A HYMN, *on the Approach of the 29th*
of MAY.

IMMENSE his Power, and boundless is his Skill,
Who rais'd the vast Creation at his Will,
And no less Might supports the pondrous Ball,
Than that which drew from Nought this wondrous All.
The GOD, whose Care inspects the Sphere of Things,
Must rule the Fate of Subjects and of Kings;
The true from all Eternity are given,
And are the pure peculiar Gift of Heaven;
The false, who tempt weak Mortals to rebel,
Are Vice's Offspring by the Spawn of Hell;

Yet

Ut

Yet both for GOD's great Glory fall or stand,
 One by his Leave, and one by his Command.
 Thus Heav'n, at length, may deign to put a Close
 To Men's Distractions, and reverse their Woes ;
 Then glorious Order from Confusion springs,
 O, praise him Nations, and adore him Kings !
 The pleasing Thoughts of that revolving Day,
 Anticipate my Joys, and chase away
 Hopeless Despair, which often haunts my Bow'rs,
 A frightful Spectre in my gloomy Hours.
 O, could my Soul in that great Day rejoice,
 And join her frail to Heav'n's unerring Voice !
 I'd sing aloud, *Glory to God on high,*
And Peace to Men, for our Salvation's nigh !

FROM MOUNT ALEXANDER.

A holy

VII.

A holy ODE, from Mount Alexander.

WHEN we survey this mighty Frame,
 With all its Orbs around,
 Tho' still in Motion, still the same,
 In Space without a Bound;
 The various Seasons of the Year,
 In beauteous Order fall,
 Which to our Reason makes it clear;
 A God must govern all.

Yet do we find, to our Disgrace,
 Of Miscreants profane
 A crooked, perverse, stubborn Race,
 Who scoffingly maintain,
 Because they prosper in their Lust,
 And Virtue's Force defy,
 That Heav'n approves of the Unjust,
 Or there's no GOD on high.

Thus haughty Man, in Reason low,
 Compar'd with the All-wise,

Presumes

Presumes he can the Secrets know
 Are hid from human Eyes.
 Could shallow Man thy Depths explore,
 Thy GOD-HEAD were but small,
 Thy sovereign Care need be no more,
 And Man might rule the Ball.

But, oh ! the providential Spring,
 That's hid from human Ken,
 Extends to the minutest Thing
 That moves, as well as Men.
 Permitting, or commanding still,
 In each thy Power's express,
 And all perform their Good or Ill,
 As suits thy Glory best.

Why, then, should Troubles of Mankind,
 Which thou dost here bestow,
 Exalt a sublunary Mind,
 Or yet depress it low ?
 The Wicked thou permit'st to reign,
 And bloom but for a While ;
 The righteous only drag their Chain,
 Till Heaven think fit to smile.

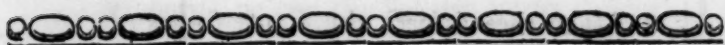
O ! sacred J----, let not thy Lot,
 Tho' seemingly severe,

Make

Make thee suspect thy Cause forgot;
 Thy Crosses nobly bear;
 He, who thy Heart has in his Hand,
 (Trust thou his sacred Skill)
 Has too the People's at Command,
 And turns them at his Will.

But thou, who sits upon the Throne
 Of S-----'s ancient Race,
 Abandoning thy rightful own,
 To fill another's Place,
 A Crown's but a precarious Thing,
 Thy Fate thou dost not see,
 They who betray'd their native King,
 Will ne'er be true to thee.

O! great eternal Source of Love,
 Extend thy gracious Hand,
 And hasten Justice from above,
 To this unhappy Land.
 O! let our panting Hearts have Peace,
 And Innocence restore,
 Then shall our Senate act with Grace,
 Offending thee no more.



In 4^{to} NOVEMBRIS.

HOC redeunte die, *Stygia Batavaque* paludes
 Lethiferam nostris evomuerè luem ;
 Evomuerè sui *Villelmum* dedecus ævi,
 Quo gravior populis non fuit ulla lues.
 Hunc nostris *Generum* crudelia fata dederunt,
 Impius & nostris ferrea secla *Gener*.
 Te *Generum* tædæ non promeruerè jugales,
 Sed scelus armarunt nuper inerme tuum.
 Jura, genusque tuis, & sævæ numinis iræ,
 Ponere criminibus non valuere modum.
 Te tentante THETIN, si tum NEPTUNUS ad orcum
 Cuspide turbasset teque tuasque rates,
 BRITTO taurorum thurisq̃ue tulisset honores
 NEPTUNO, atque Deis quos tenet unda maris.
 Sospite te, nullas tua norunt crimina metas,
 Et sceleris numeros nullus inire valet.
 Totus enim stupuit, BRITONUMQUE perhorruit orbis,
 His patriæ regnis te pepulisse PATREM.
 Te pepulisse virum, qui imis superisque Deorum
 Gratus, & in terris quis magis æquus erat ?
 Te revocare chaos, nostrasque evertere gentes
 Juvit, & in superos bella ciere Deos.
 Nonne fatis fuerat te, pulso Rege STUARTO,
Teutonicum nostris imposuisse jugum ?

Hoi

Hei nobis miseris! tandem custode remoto,

In BRITONUM tincti sanguine rostra *Lupus*.

Ipse CALEDONIAM SCOTIS, tellure remota,

Condere & ambiguum tu malus auctor eras.

Quos non ira maris, non inclementia cœli,

Obruit, auctoris iussa dedere neci.

Iussa cruenta, famem quo possint pellere, SCOTIS

Iussa cruenta negant, ut levet unda sitim.

Inde, licet fortes, SCOTI periere coloni,

Cum non vel lymphas æris acervus emat.

Sic graviora quidem laqueis, graviora securi,

Infixit miseris, perfidus iste latro.

Qui peregrè SCOTOS iussis mactabat iniquis,

Iste domi nostris non magis æquus erat.

Hic qui GLENCOAS perfudit sanguine terras,

Dirus in innocuam sæviit iste domum.

Te, GLENCOA domus, non texit plurima virtus,

Inque patrem patriæ non tua mira fides!

Ast quod te atque tuos non tempus flexit iniquum,

Quo te cunque modo tollere *Teuto* juber.

Sic GLENCOA *Domus*, multos præclara per annos,

Proh superi! *Batavo* victima casta cadis.

Inde tamen vivet GLENCOÆ gloria gentis,

Dum valeat rectum, dum valeatque fides.

Omnibus invisum per postera secla *Villelmum*,

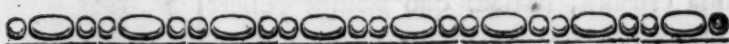
Sanguineis mittent facta scelestæ notis.

Effera, & ut pronepos perquirat facta latronis,

Hujus erunt tumuli his marmora sculpta metris.

Hic

*Hic jacet infernas Vellelmus missus ad umbras,
Cui scelus immensæ numinis instar erat.
Ætheris excelsi pro nugis numen habebat,
In nos & nostros sævit iste Deos.
Dehinc excussus equo dat pœnas; ultus & umbras
Nostrorum est SONIPES, qui simul ultus herum.*



GEORGIO MONK,
*Duci de Albemarle, Comiti de Torrington, Baroni in Potheridge, &c.
Exercituum in Anglia, sub Rege CAROLO
SECUNDO, Generali; a Conciliis secretioribus, & nobilissimi Ordinis Aureæ Periscelidis Equiti,
EPITAPHIUM.*

LUGE & MIRARE,

Quisquis ades.

Ecce jacet in tumulto, qui sedere noluit in throno;
Fatis communibus moritur, qui communibus non vixit.

Naturâ magnus, fortunâ major, seipso maximus.

Miles audaciâ secundus nulli,

Dux prudentiâ,

Subditus fide.

Tyrannum,

Tyrannum, & populis & Regibus formidabilem, solus non
timuit, sed terruit ;

Defuncto *Tyranno*, & superstite tyrannide,

Venit, vidit, vicit.

Non armorum strepitu, sed consiliorum alto silentio,
Genus vincendi planè novum, quod nec voce nec armis

Tria regna obrinuit, vel uno die,

Nec præliatus, nec locutus ;

Obtinuit tria, noluit vel unum.

Sceptri enim factus arbiter, maluit reddere quam habere,

Pluris merito æstimans restituere Regem, quam esse.

Restituit quidem, restitutumque observantissimè coluit,

CAROLO, non sibi, victor ;

Et obedientiâ inclytus magis quam imperio,

Humilitate quam gloriâ ;

Modestior ipse post restitutam majestatem, quam post
læsam alii.

Felix qui triplici regno Regem demeruit, & hunc Regem

CAROLUM SECUNDUM ;

Præter injurias oblitum nihil,

Nihil memorem præter officia,

Nec triplici regno, sed omni dignum.

Restituto Rege, simul omnia restauravit,

Pacem, justitiam, religionem.

Restauratisque omnibus decennium adhuc vixit, conserva-
turus quæ restauraverat,

Et conservando quam restaurando clarior ;

Curarum nempe vitæque prodigus, ut semel restaurata
semper

semper conservaret.

Amicos habuit bonos omnes,

Inimicum neminem, nisi aut Dei, aut Regis, aut patriæ.
Titulis, honoribus, divitiis, crevit supra modum, sed in-
fra meritum.

Fortunis mutatis, nihil mutatus ipse,

Semper minor sibi, quo aliis major.

Pene inter nuptias filii hæredis obiit, lacrymas funeris
temperaturus nuptiarum gaudiis.

Domestico tamen solatio, nihil placantur publici luctus;
Nec aliquod remedium doloris est, ubi calamitas dolo-
rem superat,

Ubi amittitur, quod nec reparatur in hærede dignissimo,
Virtus enim successorem non habet, quæ antecessorem
non habuit;

Heroes toti nascuntur, & toti pereunt;

Similem non viderat *Anglia*, nec orbis videbit.

Sepelitur cum Regibus, qui Rex non fuit, sed nec esse voluit.

Quidni cum Regibus jaceat, per quem stant ipsi Reges?

Tumulumque accipiat, qui solium reddidit?

Superstes, etiam post hæc marmora, futurus

Nobilior & recentior, dum antiquior;

Dignus planè qui celebretur mortuus, cum recusaverit

Vivus, imo qui cœlum mercedem habeat, cui

Compensando terra non sufficit.

HUNC & LUGE & MIRARE.

HAD

HAD what the SAMIAN Philosoph supposes
 Been true, that Souls, by a Metempichosis,
 Leaving their former Tenements of Clay,
 In which they can no longer act nor stay,
 As Tenants leave their Lodgings when decay'd,
 And of approaching Ruins when affray'd,
 To find some other Lodging that is better
 For Action, and for Habitation fitter,
 Where they (when from their former Houses gone)
 Their former Trade and Projects carry on,
 For by Experience we daily find,
 A Change of Lodging makes no Change of Mind,
 As those to foreign Countries who repair,
 Change not their Manners, tho' they change the Air;
 This great heroick Soul, without Delay,
 Should once more animate some House of Clay,
 With equal Success, and with equal Fame,
 To play again the long long-look'd for Game,
 Peace, Truth, and injur'd Justice to restore,
 And drive Usurpers to their proper Shore.

VIII.

*A LETTER from a Gentleman to his
Brother, concerning State-Oaths, di-
rected thus, To ——— the wisest
of all his Father's Bairns.*

WHAT, are you mad? Do you resolve to go,
And rather starve, than sign a Line or two,
And swear as many? You are void of Sense,
To humour such a squeamish Conscience.
But I have sworn already, you may say,
To be a Member of another Way.
What then? And so have many more, you see,
Both Men of eminent and low Degree,
Who to their former Oaths have bid adieu,
And purg'd them off, by taking of a new.
Are you more wise and skill'd than these Men are?
I'm sure, good Friend, you're not so rich by far.

CONSIDER, Sir, if you refuse to swear,
You lose a Place of ninety Pounds a Year.
Consider you have neither Land nor Rent,
And what you can command is quickly spent;

So

So you must beg, when from your Post you're gone,
 Or live on Air, like the *Chamelion*;
 Besides, you have a numerous Family,
 Which, if you will not swear, must Beggars be;
 This is an Argument which hath prevail'd
 With many Men, when other Topicks fail'd.
 But, to prevent the Fountain of all Ill,
 Those who pretend of Oaths to have great Skill,
 Have, with good Success, us'd this following Pill. }

*TAKE of new coin'd Distinctions a full Ounce,
 A Pound of the nice Quiddities of DUNS;
 A Scruple of the Grievance of the Nation,
 Mixt with a true blue Whig's Equivocation;
 Of all, well mixt, make up two Pills, or one,
 And gild them over with Religion.*
 This Pill will purge a scrup'lous Conscience,
 As I can tell you by Experience;
 It purg'd me so, that I can now digest,
 The new Assurance, Covenant and Test,
 So that I judge it is the least of Crimes
 To regulate my Conscience by the Times.

I, when I thought it would advance my Gain,
Jure Divino Bishops did maintain,
 Treated *Jack Presbyter* with Ridicule,
 Call'd him Tub-Preacher, *Puritan* and Fool;

G

And

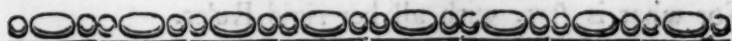
And, that I might appear to be no Whig,
 I swore and drank, and danc'd the other Jigg.
 A little after that I turn'd my Coat,
 And tun'd my Fiddle to another Note;
 I stretch'd my Conscience to the full Extent,
 Extoll'd the Pope, subscrib'd the Creed of *Trent*,
 Maintain'd the Right of Popish Princes, and
 Stood stoutly for the absolute Command.

BUT, with the Times, once more, I chang'd again,
 And now I chant it in another Strain,
 I call the *Pope* Beast in the *Revelation*,
 A Popish Prince the Grievance of the Nation;
 Bishops I call Upholders of the Whore,
 And frankly vote to kick them out of Door;
 My only Cry is now, the Cause! the Cause!
 Our sweet Religion, Liberties and Laws,
 And, that I may pass for a perfect Saint,
 I cry, alas! the *broken Covenant*.

LET others boast of antiquate Tradition,
 I'm for Religion of the last Edition;
 I ne'er examine if it be the best,
 But if it may advance my Interest,
 I make no Scruple on't; let others stray
 In the strait Passage of the thorny Way,
 I will not on my Liberty incroach,
 I do resolve to go to Heav'n in Coach;

He

He is a Fool who cannot temporize;
 Friend, from my Heart, I wish you may be wise.
 May he be worried on a Dish of Broath,
 Who has not Conscience to digest an Oath.
 I've sworn already, God be prais'd, the Test,
 The new Assurance also, and the rest
 Of these sweet Oaths, of which our Land hath Plenty,
 And ere I lose my Place I'll yet swear twenty.
 I'll stretch my Conscience to receive all Oaths,
 And change Religion as I do my Clothes.
 In fine, before I forfeit my Estate,
 I'll swear Allegiance to great *Mahomet*.



*To ALLAN RAMSAY, on the Death of
 Mr. HILL.*

ALLOW me, ALLAN, to address thy Muse,
 A Favour greatest Kings will not refuse:
 Thou who mak'st Shepherds nat'rally to vent
 Their Grief, and with their doleful Songs lament
 The Loss of friendly and beloved SWAINS,
 And with their Names and Praises fill the Plains,
 Till some hard-hearted Mountain feel their Care,
 And eccho back their Sorrow through the Air;
 Take up thy well-tun'd Pipe, exert thy Skill,
 Brave BARD, lament our neighbouring Shepherd HILL.

TELL

TELL how he was belov'd by all the Swains,
 Who priz'd his Friendship, and admir'd his Strains.
 The list'ning Croud stood silent in a Ring,
 Watching with greedy Ears to hear him sing;
 His charming and instructive Notes admir'd,
 For HILL by great APOLLO was inspir'd;
 So bright his Thoughts, so nervous and so just,
 And well express'd, they pleas'd the nicest Gust;
 His jolly Muse ev'n Torment could disdain,
 Conjure the Gout, and sport with racking Pain.

PREGNANT with Nature's Gifts, he could impart
 Good Sense, without the Midwifery of Art;
 For what is Art, with all her rigid Rules,
 But Nature brush'd and furbish'd up in Schools,
 Whose Works we value, and admire the more,
 The nearer they approach to Nature's Shore?
 How mean are all the faint Essays of Art,
 When Nature fails to act her proper Part?

PULL up the Sluce of some long gather'd Dam,
 Whose Waters from much diff'ring Fountains came,
 The noisy Torrent runs with Force and Haste,
 Grating the Ear and nauseous to the Taste,
 O'erflows the Banks, and, where it is gainstood,
 Cuts out new Channels with its swelling Flood,
 But mark, you'll find the noisy Thing decay,
 Sink low right soon, then languish and run dry.

WHEN

WHEN chrystal Streams, with their own Fountains fed;
 With easy Winding in their Channels led,
 Water the Flow'rs which on their Margins grow,
 Drink in their Sweets, and equally still flow,
 In these the Shepherds and the panting Swains
 Can quench their Thirst, and bathe to ease their Pains;
 Their murm'ring Streams and Colour bring Delight
 To list'ning Ears, and gratify the Sight.

SUCH are thy Strains, brave Bard, and such were
HILL's,
 Thine flow in fuller Streams, his ran in Rills.

IX. Viri

IX.

Viri Humani, Salsi & Faceti, GULIELMI SUTHERLANDI, Multarum Artium & Scientiarum DOCTORIS Doctissimi, DIPLOMA.

UBIQUE gentium & terrarum,
 From Sutherland to Padanarum,
 From those who have six Months of Day,
Ad Caput usque Bonæ Spei,
 And farther yet, *si forte tendat,*
Ne ignorantiam quis pretendat,
 We, Doctors of the merry Meeting,
 To all and sundry do send Greeting,
Ut omnes habeant Compertum,
Per hanc præsentem nostram Chartam,
 GULIELMUM SUTHERLANDUM Scotum,
 At Home per nomen BOGSIE notum,
 Who studied stoutly at our College,
 And gave good Specimens of Knowledge,
In multis artibus versatum,
Nunc factum esse Doctoratum.

Quoth

Quoth PRÆSES, *Strictum post examen,*
Nunc esto DOCTOR ; we said, *Amen.*

So to you all *bunc commendamus,*

Ut juvenem quem nos amamus,

Qui multas habet Qualitates,

To please all Humours and *Ætates.*

He vies, if sober, with *Duns Scotus,*

Sed multo magis si sit potus ;

In disputando just as keen as

CALVIN, JOHN KNOX, or TOM AQUINAS ;

In every Question of *Theology,*

Versatus multum in Trickology ;

Et in Catalogis Librorum

FRAZER could never stand before him,

For he, by Page and Leaf, can quote

More Books than *Solomon* e'er wrote ;

A Lover of the Mathematicks

He is, but hates the *Hydrostaticks,*

Because he thinks it a cold Study,

To deal in Water clear or muddy ;

Doctissimus est Medicina,

Almost as *BOERHAAVE* or *BELLINI* ;

He thinks the Diet of *Cornaro,*

In Meat and Drink, too scrimp and narrow ;

And that the Rules of *Leonard Lessius,*

Are good for nothing but to stress us ;

By solid Arguments and keen

He has confuted Doctor CHEYNE,

And

And clearly prov'd, by Demonstration;
 That Claret is a good Collation,
Sanis & Aegris always better
 Than Coffee, Tea, or Milk and Water;
 That chearful Company, *cum risu,*
Cum vino forti, suavi visu,
Gustatu dulci, still has been
 A Cure for Hyppo and the Spleen;
 That Hen and Capon, *Vervecina,*
 Beef, Duck and Pasties, *cum Ferina,*
 Are good Stomachicks, and the best
 Of Cordials, *Probatum est;*
 He knows the Symptoms of the Phthisis,
Et per Salivam sees Diseases,
 And can discover in *Urina,*
Quando sit opus Medicina;
 A good French Night-Cap still has been,
 He says, a proper Anodyne,
 Better than Laudanum or Poppy,
Ut dormiamus like a Toppy;
Affirmat Lufum Alearum
Medicamentum esse clarum,
 Or else a Touch at Three Hand Ombre,
 When Toil or Care our Spirits cumber;
 Which graft Wings on our Hours of Leisure,
 And make them fly with Ease and Pleasure.
Aucupium & Venationem,
Post longam nimis Potationem,

He

He has discover'd to be good
 Both for the Stomach and the Blood,
 As frequent Exercise and Travel,
 Are good against the Gout and Gravel.
 He clearly proves the Cause of Death
 Is nothing but the Want of Breath,
 And that indeed is a Disaster,
 When 'tis occasioned by a Plaster
 Of Hemp and Pitch laid closely on
 Somewhat above the Collar Bone.
 Well does he know the proper Doses
 Which will prevent the Fall of Noses,
 Ev'n keep them, *qui privantur illis,*
Ægrè utuntur Perspicillis;
 To this, and ten Times more, his Skill
 Extends, when he would cure or kill.
Immensam Cognitionem Legum
Ne prorsus hic silentio tegam,
Cum sociis Artis, greefe his Fift,
Torquebat illas as you list;
 If Laws for Bribes are made, 'tis plain,
 They may be bought and sold again;
Spectando aurum now we find,
 That Madam Justice is Stone-blind,
 So deaf and dull in both her Ears,
 The Clink of Gold she only hears,
 Nought else but a loud Party Shout,
 Will make her start, or look about.

H

His

His other Talents to rehearse,
Brevissimè, in Prose or Verse,
 To tell how gracefully he dances,
 And artfully contrives Romances,
 How well he arches and shoots flying,
 (Let no Man think that we mean lying)
 How well he fences, rides and sings,
 And does ten thousand other Things,
 Allow a Line, nay but a Comma,
 To each, *turgeret hoc Diploma ;*
Quare, ut tandem concludamus,
Qui Brevitatem approbamus,
 (For Brevity is always good,
 Providing we be understood)
In rerum omnium Naturis,
Non minus quam Scientia Juris,
Et Medicinæ Doctoratum
BOGSÆUM novimus versatum ;
 Nor shall we here say more about him,
 But you may dacker if you doubt him.
Addamus tamen hoc tantillum,
Duntaxat nostrum hoc Sigillum,
Huic testimonio appensum,
Ad confirmandum ejus Sensum,
Functis Chirographis Cunctorum
 Blyth, honest, hearty *Sociorum,*
Dabamus at a large Punch-Bowl,
 Within our proper common School,

The twenty sixth Day of November,
 Ten Years; the Date we may remember,
 After the Race of Sberiffmuir,
 (Scots Men will count from a black Hour)
Ab omni Probo nunc signetur,
Qui denegabit extrudetur.

Formula Gradus dandi.

EADEM nos autoritate,
 Reges Memoria beata,
 Pontifices & Papa lati,
 Nam alii sunt a nobis spreti,
 Quam quondam nobis indulserunt,
 Quæ Privilegia semper erunt,
 Collegio Nostro safe and sound,
 As long's the Earth and Cups go round,
 Te BOGSÆUM hic creamus,
 Statuimus & proclamamus,
 Artium Magistrum & Doctorem,
 Si libet etiam Professore;
 Tibique damus potestatem
 Potandi ad hilaritatem,
 Ludendi porro & jocandi,
 Et mæstos vino medicandi,
 Docendi vera, commentandi,
 Ad risum etiam fabulandi;
 In promissionis tuæ Signum,

Caput,

*Caput, honore tanto dignum,
 * Hoc Cyatho condecoramus,
 Ut tibi felix sit, oramus;
 Præterea in manum damus
 Hunc Calicem, ex quo potamus,
 Spumantem generoso vino,
 Ut bibas more Palatino.
 Sir, pull it off, and on your Thumb
 Cernamus supernaculum,
 Ut Specimen Ingenii
 Post Studia Decennii.*

While he is drinking, the Chorus sings,

*En Calicem spumantem,
 Falerni epotantem,
 En calicem spumantem,
 Io, Io, Io.*

After he has drunk, and turn'd the Glafs on his Thumb,
 they embrace him, and sing again.

*Laudamus hunc Doctorem,
 Et fidum Conipotorem,
 Laudamus hunc Doctorem,
 Io, Io, Io.*

X. To

* Here he was crown'd with the Punch-Bowl.

From lowly Valleys stately Structures rise,
 Aspiring Tow'rs seem'd to invade the Skies,
 Strong Forts, large Towns, with Walls encompass'd round,
 Which all the Art and Force of Foes confound.
 Ye lofty Piles, on NILE's fam'd Banks that stand,
 Proclaim the Works wrought by the MASON's Hand,
 You are the lasting Monuments of Fame,
 On you is register'd the MASON's Name,
 Which Time's corroding Teeth cannot devour;
 You still must stand till Time shall be no more.

TIME now was past his Nonage, when the *Gods*
 In Groves and Thickets had their sole Abodes,
 When 'mongst the Oaks the DRUIDS sacrific'd,
 And angry *Gods* with roasted Flesh were pleas'd;
 'Tis only owing to the MASON's Hand,
 That they have *Chapels* now in every Land.
 Ye *sacred Buildings*, you alone can shew
 Th' immortal Works which mortal Hands can do;
 Through all the Earth you loudly do proclaim,
 And trumpet forth the pious MASON's Fame,

LONG had the Muses dwelt on Mountain-Tops,
 Expos'd to BOREAS' Blasts, and IRIS' Drops;
 The MASON here again employs his Tools,
 And builds for them both Colleges and Schools.
 Ye Muses, who were never yet ungrate,
 When you your Benefactors Deeds relate,

And

And crown their Heads with never-fading Bays,
 Then let the MASON also have his Praise;
 These are the Men whose Wonder-working Hand
 Makes Arches over rapid Rivers stand,
 Where Men can walk on Water as on Land.



STILL may they flourish, may they still decorate
 The Earth, with glorious Structures, more and more,
 For if their Art no longer should remain,
 The Earth must needs turn *Chaos* once again.

End of the second Decade.

And now that I have written this
I feel that I have done my duty
I have written what I have seen
and what I have felt
I have written what I have heard
and what I have thought
I have written what I have seen
and what I have felt
I have written what I have heard
and what I have thought
I have written what I have seen
and what I have felt
I have written what I have heard
and what I have thought

End of the first book

DM